

QUID NOVI

McGill University, Faculty of Law
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QUID NOVI

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EDITORIAL

by **Andrea Gorys (Law III)**
Co-Editor-in-Chief

The human connection is a powerful one. As I enjoyed myself with my friends this past Saturday evening at the Welcome Ball, I remembered my first year's orientation week and the friendships I have kindled since that time. Law school definitely binds us all. From the moment we enter it, our lives change; the way we view the world changes. Get a bunch of law students together and inevitably the conversation will turn around law in some way or another :).

Before we get deeply involved in our day to day hurricane of activities and tempests, I just want to thank you all for being you. What gets us through the day is the connections that we make with ourselves, as Ms. Rousseau nicely puts it in her article this week, and with each other. While we run to and from class and other endeavors, I would just like to take a moment to thank everyone who comes across my daily path from the library and administrative staff to the faculty professors and fellow classmates. I know that I am a better person because of you all.

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Envoyez vos commentaires ou articles avant jeudi 5pm à l'adresse: quid.law@mcgill.ca

Toute contribution doit indiquer l'auteur et son origine et n'est publiée qu'à la discrétion du comité de rédaction, qui basera sa décision sur la politique de rédaction telle que décrite à l'adresse:
<http://www.quid.mcgill.ca>.

Contributions should preferably be submitted as a .doc attachment.

ONZE HOMMES

par Claude Lévesque (LAW III)

Il est déjà 16h30. Il nous reste très peu de temps. Il faut accélérer le pas. Mais comment est-ce que j'ai pu me retrouver dans cette situation? Mais vraiment! Il fait froid et il pleut. Pas une pluie diluvienne, mais plutôt le genre de pluie qui tombe à une cadence régulière. Trop légère pour nécessiter un parapluie, cette pluie s'allie au vent pour vous glacer jusqu'aux os. Je vois Alex qui me fait signe d'accélérer encore.

J'aurai pu rester à la maison. J'avais tant de choses à faire. En fait, nous aurions tous pu être ailleurs en ce moment. Certains doivent terminer des dissertations. D'autres doivent étudier. Certains ont des enfants et une épouse qui auraient préféré les avoir tout près d'eux... Allez, il faut marcher encore plus vite. Sinon, on aura fait tout le chemin pour rien.

Enfin arrivés à destination, chacun d'entre nous sent qu'il a fait le bon choix. En un instant, les pensées

d'être ailleurs ou d'être occupé à autre chose se sont envolées. C'était comme si un rayon de soleil s'était glissé au milieu de la brume, du vent froid et de la pluie. Il n'y a aucun doute, il fallait venir. Il fallait, en ce dimanche pluvieux, qu'onze hommes décident d'arrêter le train de leur vie. Il fallait qu'onze hommes s'arrêtent pour penser et se souvenir. Surtout se souvenir. Voilà ce que nous sommes venus faire.

À peine avons-nous mis les pieds dans cette église qu'un esprit solennel et pieux nous envahie. Pourtant, cette vieille église n'avait sûrement pas donné cet impression depuis bien longtemps. C'est que cette église n'était plus une église. Un peu comme les noms qu'elle préserve, cette église n'est plus. Cette église, ou plutôt la bâtisse, est maintenant une bibliothèque municipale. Il y a plein de gens qui, à notre arrivée, ont levé leurs yeux et arrêté de lire. Que peuvent bien venir faire ces jeunes

hommes? L'un après l'autre, nous sentons les regards se poser sur nous. Mais cela ne va pas nous déranger. Nous avons une mission. Un but qui guide nos pas. Il faut nous souvenir.

Au bout de la salle principale de lecture se trouve un vieil homme. Il est assis. Il nous observe. C'est drôle, son regard n'est pas comme celui des autres. On dirait qu'il sait ce que nous sommes venus faire. Alors que nous nous approchons de la table où il est assis, il sourit. Pourtant, ce n'est pas lui que nous sommes venus voir. Sans vraiment prêter attention à ce vieil homme, onze hommes s'arrêtent. Derrière le vieillard, il y a un mur tout aussi vieux. Voilà ce que nous sommes venus faire. Nous sommes venus nous souvenir.

Au milieu de ce vieux mur, se trouvent deux vitraux. Des vitraux comme on en faisait il y a presque 100 ans. Des vitraux comme on n'en voit plus vraiment. Ces vitraux ont été témoins de tant de journées de pluvieuses comme aujourd'hui que cela ne les dérange plus. Pourtant, on sent

que ces vitraux sont dérangés par ses onze paires d'yeux qui les scrutent avec attention et diligence. L'un des vitraux dépeint une scène où un chevalier, épée à la main, se prosterne devant le Christ. Entre les deux vitraux, il y a deux plaques.

Voilà ce que nous sommes venus faire. Nous sommes venus nous souvenir.

Les plaques sont vieilles et n'ont plus l'éclat de leur premier jour. Cependant, après 89 ans, ces plaques font encore le travail qui leur était destiné. Sur chaque plaque, il y a des noms. Des noms que je ne connais pas. Des noms d'inconnus pour les onze hommes présents. Pourtant, c'est pour ces noms que nous sommes ici.

Voilà ce que nous sommes venus faire. Nous sommes venus nous souvenir.

Nous sommes venus nous souvenir qu'il y a 89 ans se terminait une guerre. Il y a 89 ans, des noms ont été inscrits sur ces plaques. Les noms de soldats qui ne sont jamais revenus. Des soldats qui n'ont pas pu revoir

leur paroisse. Cette paroisse qui, il y a 89 ans, s'est souvenue de ces hommes. C'est à notre tour de nous souvenir.

L'espace d'un moment, onze hommes ont arrêté le train de leur vie pour se souvenir. Nous sommes venus en ce lieu pour nous souvenir qu'à la onzième heure de la onzième journée du onzième mois de 1918, s'arrêtait une guerre.

Onze hommes se sou-

viennent.

En sortant de cette église transformée en bibliothèque de quartier, je vois le vieil homme de tout à l'heure. Il sourit encore. Sans dire un mot, il nous regarde. Maintenant, il peut continuer son chemin. Il part avec un sourire. Comme lui, onze hommes connaissent maintenant des noms que tous ont oubliés.

Après cette visite à l'église, nous sommes

allés prendre un verre en l'honneur de ces hommes mort au champ de bataille. Tyler, l'instigateur du groupe, s'est levé et nous a lu un poème. Puis, l'un après l'autre nous avons partagé des pensées et des textes sur les sacrifices que demande la guerre.

Voilà ce que nous sommes venus faire. Nous sommes venus nous souvenir que la guerre, peu importe son motif, a toujours un

proved revelatory. When he came back to Paul and me, an idea had grown to grandiose proportions. What if we started asking people around the country, famous Canadians, what they did when they were in their twenties? With high aspirations, and the free time earned by our unimpressive employment capabilities, we set out cold calling various "celebrities". At first, we sent letters. Then, emails. Finally, when we were close, we would start calling them – never leaving voice mail; always assuring we spoke to someone in person.

The seventy odd interviews we conducted over the span of two years have taught us a

prix. Ce prix est le sang d'hommes et de femmes. Peu importe l'allégeance, le sang a toujours la même couleur et la même odeur de pourri.

Onze hommes se souviennent que le plus grand commandement qu'on puisse recevoir est de s'aimer les uns les autres. Malheureusement trop d'entre nous ont oublié ce commandement. Mais aujourd'hui, onze hommes se souviennent ■

great deal. We were able to meet some of the most fascinating people in the country. From ballerina Karen Kain to businessman Jim Pattison, the answers to our questions were as diverse as they were inspiring. A compilation of many of the stories we amassed will be published in the spring of 2008 as Kickstart: Successful Canadians Talk About How They Got Started. So why am I writing about this in the Quid Novi (other than as an obvious plug)? Well, since we've been lucky enough to meet so many interesting people, we figure it's important to transmit these stories to others. Without a doubt, a good number – if not many –

PROFILES IN LAW

by Alex Herman (LAW III)

Over the last thirty months, I've been working on a project with two high school friends of mine. The idea had come to us after finishing our undergraduate degrees. What to do next? That was the question we kept asking ourselves. Throughout our lives, we had been in environments where the next step had always been fairly obvious: from elementary school to middle school, from middle school to high school, from high school to university. But then what? Thankfully, my friend Andrew, who graduated with an ever-useful

business degree, seemed to have a relatively good idea of how to look for a job that fit his interests. My other friend, Paul, and I were clueless. Our B.A.s weren't getting us very far in the job market and the "creativity" they had instilled only confused us more. Luckily, Andrew had an idea. Unprompted, he called someone he had heard about, someone high up in the world of financial consulting (whatever that means). Over an informal lunch, he asked this person questions about the experience they had had starting out in the work force. The answers

of those we spoke with had some sort of legal background. Whether it was Beverley McLachlin, who obviously put hers to good use, or David Shore, the creator of the popular tele-

vision show *House*, the lesson I learned was that law degrees afford many options to those holding them. In the issues from now until early 2008, I will use these illustrious, colour-

ful pages to highlight the no less colourful stories that I have learned from working on *Kickstart*. I will try to present them on a fairly regular schedule, dedicating a full article to

each law-related personality – such as Brian Mulroney, Ujjal Dosanjh, E.D. Bayda and Eddie Greenspan – all of whom were so generous in donating their time to our project

FROM THE END OF THE BAR: RANTS AND OBSERVATIONS FROM THE MAJOR

by **Steve Dubreuil (LAW III)**

I came to law school after a varied, challenging and ultimately satisfying 20 year military career. As I start my third year I thought I would air a few impressions.

My buddies in the military warned me that going back to school would be a culture shock and some, who have been down the same path I am now on, did their best to impart advice that would ease my transition from an officer in the armour (tank) corps to that of student here at McGill. I have done my best to get used to life in Academia and being surrounded by so many intelligent and interesting class mates.

But there are few things they never told me about:

a. Some law students are pigs. They are either too lazy or too thoughtless to walk a few feet and throw their garbage in the trash. I know that some of my more motivated colleagues have tried to institute recycling programs only to fail because students were too lazy to sort their trash. There is nothing more frustrating than putting down a shiny new 135 dollar text book only to find it now sticky with some substance because the previous occupier could not be bothered to clean up after his/herself. Am I missing something, are we not supposed to be best and brightest? Is it that you don't care? Someone please tell me.

b. Some law students do not know how to tell the time. In my old line of work crossing the line of departure on time for an operation was literally life or death. Cross too early and you risk running into your own covering fire and cross too late, the opposing force may have had time to recover and defend against the assault. Either way, bad news for the attacking force. I know that getting to class on time does not bring with it the same consequences but I (and I am sure I am not alone) really get distracted by students arriving late, booting up noisily, and then rummaging for plugs, pens and course packs. I sit and wonder if those same students would be late for an interview, client meeting or proj-

ect funding pitch? I would wager probably not which can only lead me to conclude that that if indeed they can tell time, they have little or no respect for their fellow students and profs. Maybe now is the time to develop good habits. Now I am not saying that sometimes shit happens, but come on, seriously every single class....

The point is that we are all in this together and a little consideration goes a long way. I am asking my fellow students to think about their peers and profs and the impact their behaviour has on us all.

Now put down the Quid, throw your yogurt container and coffee cup in the trash and get to class ON TIME.

Next time: Backpacks at coffee house (and on the bus), library talkers, lack of paper towels in the men's washroom and why that chair in 101 is still broken.... ■

TRAMONTO

par Léonid Sirota (LAW III)

Le soir s'approche de Florence. Les ombres s'allongent et remplissent les rues étroites. Entre les palazzi, c'est déjà l'obscurité, mais on peut, pour quelque temps encore y échapper. Pour cela, il faut partir et regarder le coucher du soleil sur du haut d'une des collines qui entourent Florence, par exemple celle où se trouve l'église San Miniato, située juste de l'autre côté de l'Arno. Déjà la montée, par des chemins étroits, des sentiers et des escaliers entourés de pins et de cyprès crée

un sentiment de légère euphorie, car la verdure est une chose précieuse dans cette mer de pierre qu'est Florence. Il n'y a pas un seul arbre dans les rues de la ville, aucun sur les places centrales et très peu sur les autres, presque pas de parcs. Alors on vagabonde entre les cyprès, s'enivrant de la fraîcheur et de tranquillité. Mais il faut aller toujours plus haut, toujours plus vite dans une course contre le soleil.

Arrivé tout en haut, bien au-dessus des

touristes massés autour du parapet de la Piazzale Michelangelo, d'où la vue est très bonne, mais pas encore autant qu'en haut de la colline, on se sent au paradis. Il y a bien des touristes là aussi, mais pas trop, et il y a assez d'espace pour qu'on se disperse. Alors, dans un relatif silence, on regarde les hirondelles, des points noirs qui virevoltent autour des tours au loin, et le soleil qui glisse derrière les collines au nord-ouest, inondant la vallée de l'Arno d'une lumière rose-dorée, changeant la couleur des pierres tout autour, faisant ressortir de plus en plus nettement le profil vert foncé, puis presque noir, des cyprès contre ciel, or-

ange, jaune, mauve ou bleu. Et alors qu'on voudrait, à un de ces quelques instants parfaits, arrêter la rotation de la terre et le cours du temps lui-même une fois pour toutes, le soleil s'effondre derrière les montagnes au loin, les couleurs s'effacent, le ciel s'obscurcit. Il ne reste que le profil noir des collines et des tours de Florence sur un fond bleu de plus en plus foncé. C'est le temps de replonger dans la mer de pierre en bas, qui, elle, semble figée depuis quelques siècles déjà, ayant gagné son combat contre le temps, mais pas contre la mort. Une descente qui fait penser à celle de Dante aux enfers ■

LAWMERICK II

by Francie Gow, Law IV

SSMU wants law students mingling below
But they still have a long way to go
It takes a crisis like Pino's
Being shut down for renos
Just to get us next door for some joe

"IN THE REAL WORLD"

par Julien Morissette (Law IV)

Tout autant que les mots « appellant », « inopérance » et « Coffeehouse », l'expression « dans la vraie vie » fait partie du jargon quotidien de la Faculté. Mais même dans notre monde de latin de cuisine, de law french et de langue codée, rares sont les expressions aussi galvaudées.

In case you hadn't noticed, you're now on Mars. Or is it Neptune? Somehow, this expression conveys the idea that the Faculty is somehow a foreign (or phony?) place. Down the hill is supposed to be the "real" world – that last word referring to a different type of social organization which

is difficult to define, but not an institution of higher learning.

La vie des autres est vraie, la nôtre est fausse. Avec le temps, l'expression est devenue péjorative. On y trouve toutes les critiques que l'on adresse aux universités en général : tour d'ivoire, enseignement théorique et déconnecté, recherche autoréférentielle, et j'en passe. C'est devenu la première arme lorsque l'on veut détruire un argument ou une idée.

And yet all this is real. What's so fake about studies in law? Intellectual problems, which are a defining feature of our discipline, are no

less real than that those of the postman trying to walk up Peel Street after freezing rain. Further, the "real" organizations – law firms, governments, NGOs – keep recruiting McGill law graduates. And many people in these organizations long for their university years...

Et si la « vraie » vie se définit par la durée et la qualité de l'existence, la Faculté a bien peu de concurrents. Citez-moi ne serait-ce qu'un grand bureau d'avocat ou un organisme public qui n'a pas été réformé trois fois en vingt ans. La Faculté, quant à elle, a traversé les décennies en évoluant de manière beaucoup plus contrôlée.

We sometimes forget how lucky we are to live in a society where there is no single truth and no single enforced

reality. I've enjoyed the time doing real studies here and I'm sure I'll enjoy doing real work elsewhere in the future. For once, you can have your cake and eat it too. Perhaps some people at the Faculty think the system is broken. I simply refuse to be one of them.

Cette fausse dichotomie est profondément fataliste et pessimiste. Elle suppose que le travail d'ici n'a pas d'effet sur le travail d'ailleurs. Cours, conférences, clubs... que des faussetés ? Si tout cela est vrai, que faisons-nous ici, au juste ? Faites-moi plaisir et rayez cette expression fatiguée de votre vocabulaire■

NOTE

With an acknowledged intellectual debt to Professor Roderick A. Macdonald

keeper: "He'll kill you if you don't tell him!"

The bookkeeper signs back: "OK! You win! The money is in a brown briefcase, buried behind the shed in my cousin Enzo's backyard in Queens.

The Don asks the attorney: "Well, what'd he say?" The attorney replies: "He says you don't have the balls to pull the trigger."

LAW JOKE CORNER

A Mafia Don finds out that his bookkeeper has cheated him out of ten million bucks. His bookkeeper is deaf. That was the reason he got the job in the first place. It was assumed that a deaf bookkeeper would not hear anything that he might have to testify about in court.

When the Don goes to con-

front the bookkeeper about his missing \$10 million, he brings along his attorney, who knows sign language.

The Don tells the lawyer "Ask him where the 10 million bucks he embezzled from me is." The attorney, using sign language, asks the bookkeeper where the money is.

The Bookkeeper signs back: "I don't know what you are talking about."

The attorney tells the Don: "He says he doesn't know what you're talking about."

The Don pulls out a pistol, puts it the bookkeeper's temple and says,

"Ask him again!" The attorney signs to the book-

SPAGHETTI CARBONARA RECIPE

by Aryana Rousseau, Student Well-Being Committee Co-Chair (LAW III)

By now you've probably heard that the Well-Being Committee's mandate is to promote health and happiness in the faculty. But being healthy doesn't mean you can only eat yogurt and bean sprouts. Indulging in rich foods every now and again is also good for you! This dish is unbelievably good – you just can't go wrong with bacon. Celebrity chef Emeril Lagasse, really said it best: "Pork fat rules!"

½ pound bacon, chopped
 1 large onion, chopped
 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 ½ cup Parmesan cheese, grated
 Large pot of salted water
 250 grams spaghetti or other pasta

In a pan, fry the bacon until crispy. Drain all but 3 tablespoons of bacon fat and transfer the bacon to a bowl lined with paper towel. Fry the onions in the reserved fat until translucent.

Meanwhile, boil the water and cook the pasta until tender but firm. Drain the pasta and, while it is still hot, add the bacon, onions, egg and Parmesan cheese. Stir well. The heat of the pasta will cook the egg.

Season with black pepper (salt is unnecessary) and serve with extra grated Parmesan cheese. Serves two.



Join us!

SULLIVAN & CROMWELL LLP

Please join us for cocktails,
 hors d'oeuvres and a
 discussion of our Paris
 office and practice.

Friday, September 21
 4:15 p.m. – 6:00 p.m.

**HOTEL RITZ-CARLTON
 MONTREAL**

The Blue Room
 1228 rue Sherbrooke Ouest

RSVP to Michelle Monderer
 at 212 558 3151 or
mondererm@sullcrom.com

ONE IS (NOT) THE LONELIEST NUMBER

by Aryana Rousseau, Student Well-Being Committee Co-Chair (LAW III)

Last week, I returned home from the Orientation Pub Crawl to find my tiny apartment exactly as I had left it. The dishes were still not done and clothes were strewn about the floor. I locked the door behind me and sighed happily. I was home alone - but not lonely.

I imagine that many fellow law students get lonely at this time of year. Adjusting to a new city and new school isn't easy. I can relate. Four years ago, I arrived in this city with a suitcase and the address of an aunt who

reluctantly agreed to put me up for a few weeks. At first, my loneliness was like a lump in my throat, threatening to choke me or at least reduce me to tears at any moment.

In time I found my way, making friends, getting a job and finding an apartment. Fortunately, being alone made me stronger and forced me to be good to myself. Soon the fear of being alone went away and I actually enjoyed it.

During our twenties and early thirties, we

are relatively free.

Many of us don't have demanding jobs, car payments, children or aging parents to worry about yet. This is a time to enjoy the indulgence of being alone. It is an opportunity to get to know yourself and come to see the beauty of coming home to yourself.

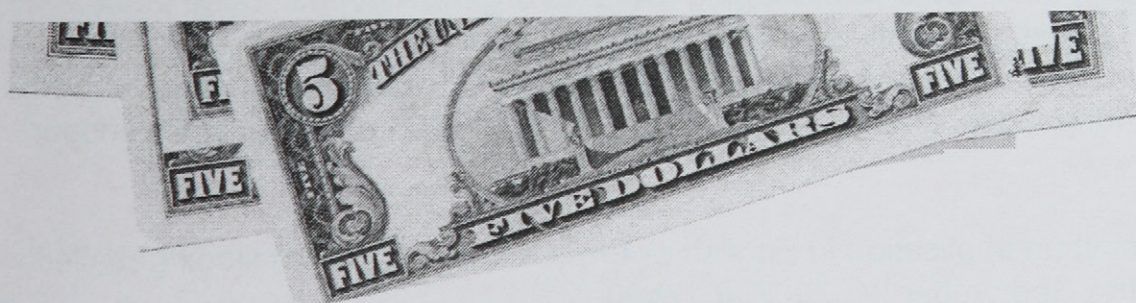
These days, I don't have that lump of fear anymore. I still have the occasional lonely night when I have a cold or I'm re-adjusting to the city after spending time with family on Prince Edward Island.

But even on the loneliest nights, I am hopeful because I've learned that I can have a fabulous time all by myself.

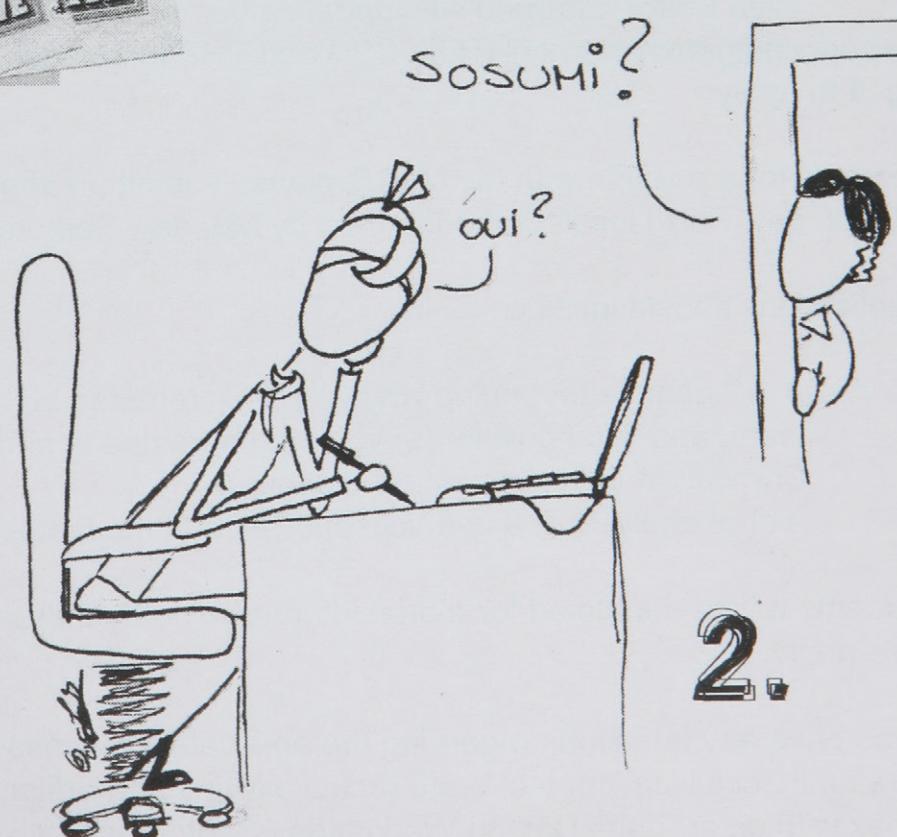
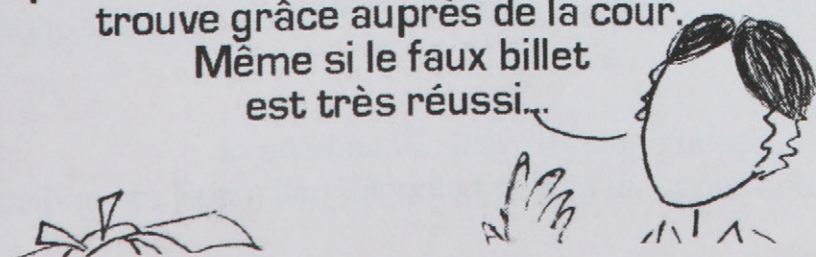
If you are struggling with loneliness, be good to yourself. Make alone time an indulgent treat by taking a hot bath, making yourself a nice meal, renting a movie, going for a walk or buying yourself a latte. As a friend in second year suggested to me, try thinking of your time alone as time with yourself, rather than time by yourself. Being alone doesn't have to mean being lonely ■

«LAVEZ VOTRE AMOUR À LA MACHINE»

par Laurence Bich-Carrière (LAW IV)



Comment dire... Je doute que l'argument voulant que le client ne pouvait pas blanchir de l'argent puisqu'il n'y avait pas d'indication de lavage sur les billets trouve grâce auprès de la cour. Même si le faux billet est très réussi...



The McGill Health Law Publication *La Publication en droit de la santé de McGill*

The McGill Health Law Publication (MHLP) / Publication en droit de la santé de McGill (PDSM) is a new, open-access, peer-reviewed journal founded and run by students at McGill University's Faculty of Law. After the successful launch of our inaugural issue, published in April 2007 and available online at our new website, www.mhlp.mcgill.ca, we are now hard at work on our second issue.

There are opportunities for English and French first and upper-year students to join our editorial and management teams for the 2007-2008 academic year. Cette année, la PDSM cherche tout particulièrement à recruter des élèves francophones remarquables pour solidifier son équipe de rédaction française. Des auteurs francophones de renom ont accepté de contribuer au second volume de la Publication. Les étudiants de langue française sont fortement encouragés à faire application.

Dès cet automne, la PDSM se penchera sur la rédaction de sa constitution officielle. Participer à cette initiative étudiante florissante est une opportunité sans pareil d'aider à mettre en place les fondements d'une institution de marque durable à la Faculté. Through your participation in the MHLP you will have a voice in the governance of this student-run journal.

Application Information

The MHLP has the following positions available for 2007-2008:

- Executive Editor. Charged with corresponding with authors, attending weekly Executive meetings, producing research for our website, editing the text and footnotes of articles, writing internal reviews of articles, and reviewing the work of Junior Editors.
- Junior Editor. Charged with editing the text and footnotes of articles, producing research for our website, and writing internal reviews of articles.
- Executive Managing Editor. Charged with organizing all MHLP events, coordinating applications for funding, arranging for the printing of the journal, producing a budget, and developing advertising strategies. Students with grant writing and/or fundraising experience are encouraged to apply. Students with grant writing and/or fundraising experience are encouraged to apply.
- Managing Editor. Charged with working with the Executive Managing Editor to organize events, raise funds, arrange for the printing of the journal, produce a budget, and develop advertising strategies.
- Web Editor. Charged with updating our website. Students with knowledge of Dreamweaver, Frontpage, and Photoshop, comprehension of HTML, CSS and PHP languages, and/or an ability to manage MySQL databases are encouraged to apply.

To apply for a position with the MHLP, please submit an application in English or French to the MHLP mailbox (labelled "Health Law Pub") located at 3661 Peel by Monday, September 24, 2007 at 17h00.

Applications should include:

1. A 1-2 page letter stating why you are interested in the MHLP, what you feel you will be able to contribute to the team, and what position(s) you are interested in and why. This letter will be considered a writing sample.
2. Curriculum Vitae (maximum 2 pages).
3. A brief analysis of any article published in the first issue of the MHLP, available at www.mhlp.mcgill.ca.

Students will be contacted for a brief interview shortly thereafter. Please note that current MHLP members are requested to re-apply.

If you have any questions regarding the application process or requirements, please visit our website at www.mhlp.mcgill.ca, contact our Executive Managing Editor, Chelsea Clogg, at chelsea.clogg@mail.mcgill.ca, and come speak with us at Clubs Day on Wednesday September 19.

PROTEST POETRY

by Seth Earn, Krista Stout, Jen Besner, Sam Walker, Will Fyfe, Matt Osten, Julia Turvey, Andrew Biteen, Rob Steinman, Noah Boudreau, Alison Glaser, Pierre Gemson, Joyce Tam, Damian Hornich, Kirk Shannon, Josh Alcock, Alex Herman

Where is my coffee?

Stolen from me in the night
Someone should be fired

Coffee, I miss you
So sweet and bold, you woo me.
Come back soon, dear friend.

Maybe the bagels
were stale. still. they were downstairs,
like the toblerones.

coffee coffee coff
coffee on a wet black bough
coffee coffee coff

In summer, coffee.
But in sad fall the leaves die,
Just like my morn's smile.

Had a panini,
Long ago. Old beef, peppers.
Now, Subway, and grief.

Leave the Faculty?
Forage for food? For coffee?
Oh Pino's, come back.

Hold me, Matteo
Thine panini presses still
Warm my hungry heart

Bought a panini
friendships formed around my meal
where have my friends gone?

Starvation sets in
my ribs are showing clearly
when will you be back?

The smell of fried egg
on my clothes so enticing
come back to me love

I miss my pizza
I really miss my pizza
I miss my pizza

Friday, hungover
need a club sandwich cure
how to end the pain?

Rebirth is for spring
autumn, and cupboards are bare
a referendum

Cold shredded carrots
grilled cheese on monday mornings
save me from my pain

far across the way
sits a surly imposter
miss Matteo's smile

Seriously folks,
We know Pino's wasn't that great.
Though hammering's worse.

My growling stomach
Vending machines; chips, pop, gum
The heart yearns for more

My brain is sleepy
Where is Matteo's coffee
Criminal law sucks

Caffeine withdrawal
plus lots of jackhammering
permanent headache

Matteo is missed
For his friendliness and smiles -
Or was that Pino?

Get out of here.

de McGill
Innoitsnrrətn International
de Droit Law
ètəicōoSDIMMIL Society

Open Meeting
Wednesday, Sept 26, 12:30
Room 101

mils.mcgill.ca